Volume XCI No. 12 December 19, 1969 40 cents

commonweal

NEWSPAPER
A-53326 12-70
ST CHARLES SEMINARY
LIBRARY
CARTHAGENA STATION
CELINA OH 45822

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS & VIEWS

Out-Spiroing Spiro

We knew from Spiro that domestic tranquility, national image, the happiness of the Nixons, fate of the Jets and just about everything else in this land depended for its proper success on the proper performance of the media.

But the war? . . . We'd have thought its proper success depended on such little details as Vietnamization, the negotiations in Paris, and maybe a decisive military victory or two.

No, sir! You have it from Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps, General Lewis W. Walt: the success of the war depends on the media

Here's what Walt says: "The amount of time this war is going to last from here on out depends in lots of respects on how good treatment it gets from our own news media."

Which means, we'd guess, that we're to lean now on Cronkite instead of Abrams.

Walt offered this sublime commentary after a five-day visit to South Vietnam, in which he found "nothing but confidence and optimism."

"Confidence . . . optimism"; here we go again.

What is it about Vietnam that reduces virtually all who go there to simpering dolts seeing lights at the end of tunnels and corners being constantly turned? McNamara, Westmoreland, Romney, Johnson, Rusk, Laird, Walt. The list is endless.

Postmaster General Blount went there last month and came back as exhilarated as a kid who'd been to an Elks picnic. "We're kicking the hell out of 'Charlie' and now is not the time to quit."

It's a wonder he didn't use the description 'Gook' or 'Dink' or 'Slope.' Love thine enemies says the good book.

How about that man Blount? He says he talked to General Abrams, eight or ten other generals, Ambassador Bunker and more than 1,000 GI's, and found them solidly in support of the President and "extremely enthusiastic" about the Nov. 3 speech.

I. F. Stone has checked Blount's office and learned he was in Vietnam considerably less than four full days, hopping the while from place to place. "It must have been the fastest poll-taking in history," Stone remarked caustically.

But, so what? If this is all it takes to make instant cheerleaders of the nation's VIP's, load those junket planes.

Bill Buckley is en route to Vietnam, as we write this, on some kind of USIA mission. It will be interesting to see if and how a super-intelligent son of Eli Yale survives the experience.

Down Paraguay Way

Exile has freed the hand of a Paraguayan Jesuit to write about that Latin American land with the longest and toughest rule of any current Latin military regime (14 years). The picture he sketches isn't pretty.

Father Francisco de Paula Oliva credits the accomplishments of the government of General Alfredo Stroessner: 10-year economic stability, new roads, more grammar schools, improved wheat production, the Acaray Dam.

But the offsets! Corruption, business monopolies, traffic in contraband, abuses of freedom. It's a long litany.

Stroessner's political opponents fare particularly poorly, according to Oliva. More than 150 are in jail, where common tortures are castration, electrical shocks, rape and obligatory public group masturbation. Some targets of the regime are burned alive; the dead are often deposited as garbage across the border in Argentina.

By having remained silent over the years, the church shares the blame for conditions in Paraguay, Oliva charges in his Latinamerica Press article. "The church, limiting itself to administering the sacraments, implied approval of the government by preaching resignation to the oppressed," Oliva specifies.

However, the situation may be changing. The recent police attack on priests and students at the Catholic University of Asuncion brought the excommunication of several unnamed government officials. It was an ecclesiastical act without precedent in Paraguay, and gave hope to those who look to the church as the one existing institution which could effect change in the country.

The question now is whether the church will maintain its critical stance or, as Oliva would put it, slide black into passiveness.

In Washington, Father Louis M. Colonnese, faithful supporter of progressive developments in Latin America, reacted to the excommunications in Paraguay with a letter of encouragement to Asuncion's Archbishop Anibal Mena Porta.

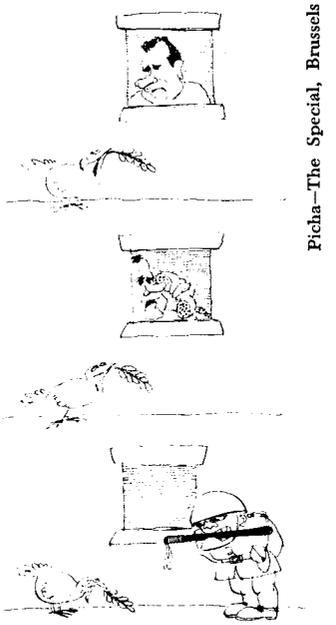
He also fired off a letter of protest to the Paraguayan ambassador to the U.S., deploring the beatings and the general repression of legitimate dissent in Paraguay. That letter was sent a month ago. Colonnese is still awaiting an answer.

Prophets Without Honor

A workshop to familiarize bishops with communications theory and practice will be conducted next month in New Orleans.

More than 30 bishops will attend the workshop, which is being sponsored by the department of communications of the U.S. Catholic Conference.

Guest lecturers will include Frank Shakespeare of the USIA, John Cannon of NBC Monitor, William R. MacKaye of the *Washington Post*, Mike Douglas, assorted



Picha—The Special, Brussels

exalted personalities—and not one working editor from the American Catholic press.

Diocesan editors are upset. "Whoever organized a major communications workshop for the hierarchy without including successful working editors from the diocesan press is giving the bishops Irish stew without any potatoes," said Ed Wall of *The Catholic Review* of Baltimore.

Several are viewing the matter as an episcopal vote of non-confidence in the Catholic editor.

Odds and Ends

—Federal guards in the Census Bureau in Washington removed from the wall behind an employee's desk a poster featuring a picture of Nixon and the question, "Would you buy a used war from this man?" The head guard advised the employee the poster was "obscene."

—Speaking of obscenities, how about the grounds on which Nixon opposed the increase in the $600 personal tax exemption: it would give a bonus to those with large families and provide no significant tax reduction to those above the middle-income level. That on page one of the Dec. 3 *Times*. Good grief.

JOHN DEEDY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

A Word from the Mayor

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: The editorial, "Mobilizing the Mayors" [Nov. 21], hit the urban crisis nail right on the head in discussing Washington's role—or lack of one. I hope you'll keep up the pressure.

JOHN V. LINDSAY

Ignoring the Black Voice

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: How does it just happen (for, most assuredly, it "just happens") that, of all the capable and even exciting black writers on the American literary scene, not one is represented in the 45th anniversary issue of *Commonweal?*

The fact is instructive. Our cities have been exploding. The black population persistently claims that American institutions are racist (and the accused institutions persist in denying the charge), that the black viewpoint either is excluded or else is admitted only under extreme pressure. In moments of expansiveness, liberal editorialists wax eloquently on the need for hearing and heeding the black voice, for healing the deep wound in our national body lest it fester and grow fatal.

And yet, routinely, the black voice is ignored.

It just happens, surely. There is no deliberate design. That is just the way things go.

Yes.

HOYT W. FULLER

Westmoreland, N.H.

To the Editors: Both "The Church in the Year 2000" and the Anniversary Issue are superb. They arrived a day apart, and I have been wallowing in them.

Among all the riches, Kenneth Rexroth's Article ("On Making Christianity Habitable") stands out. I have read

(Continued on page 367)

NEWS & VIEWS: 346 **CORRESPONDENCE: 347**
EDITORIALS: 347
SOME UNLIKELY TORIES: *Keith Ovenden* **348**
THE BULLMOOSE IN THE SOUVENIR SHOP: *Patrick Owens* **349**
STIFF UPPER LIP OVER A MASSACRE: *Peter Steinfels* **350**
THE VIEW FROM CUBA: *James Harvey* **351**
COMSTOCK'S COMPLAINT: *Saul Maloff* **362**
BOOKS: **364**

JAMES O'GARA: *Editor* JOHN DEEDY: *Managing Editor*
PETER STEINFELS: *Associate Editor* PHILIP NOBILE: *Assistant Editor*
MICHAEL NOVAK: *Associate Editor (At Large)* ANNE ROBERTSON. *Editorial Assistant*
GERALD WEALES: *Drama* PHILIP T. HARTUNG: *Movies* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
ROBERT BARRAT: *Paris* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN: *Rome* J. M. CAMERON: *Great Britain*

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Publisher* JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016 MUrray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1969 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc. US and Canada, $12 a year. Foreign $14. Single copies 40¢

THE CUBA QUESTION

During those halcyon days when Robert Kennedy, Eugene McCarthy, Hubert Humphrey, Richard Nixon, (sometimes) Nelson Rockefeller were all running for the presidency, someone suggested that Cuba was *the* issue they ought to debate. It was an odd suggestion, our current foreign policy disaster being in Southeast Asia, not the Caribbean, and yet . . . not really so odd. Every presidential candidate had duly promised to alter American foreign policy; and central to any such alteration is the question, can the United States live with regimes it does not like, with regimes which are ideologically anti-American, with regimes which are formally Communist, when those regimes pose no significant threat to American security? Or put in negative and operative terms, should the U.S. intervene, in one way or another, against such regimes, or should it establish more or less normal relations with them? The question, as regards Vietnam, is posed in the future tense, and the future being easily confused with the subjunctive, the candidates were provided ample opportunity for befogging. The question, as regards Cuba, is in the present tense. A changed attitude toward Cuba would indicate a changed stance in our foreign policy in general, Vietnam included.

What is Cuba? To some it is a model for the future, a guiding light in the quest to create a "new man." We are sympathetic to that quest, unsympathetic toward those who cynically dismiss it; but we remain unconvinced by the results so far produced. On a more modest, but still crucial, level, that of a model for developing nations, Cuba certainly has more to say for it than many of the nations where America has intervened to preserve the "free world," from Greece to Guatemala. To treat Cuba with an even hand would be to admit that we do not know the answers for the world; and at this particular moment, when we are painfully aware that we barely know the answers for our own nation, that would seem a reasonable admission.

Treating Cuba with an even hand means ending the economic boycott. Even the *realpolitik*ers could accept such a step as logical, given four facts few of them deny: 1. Castro's regime is not about to collapse due to the boycott; 2. Cuba is not "subverting" Latin America; 3. Havana would like to end its dependence on Moscow; 4. Moscow would like to lighten the burden of supplying Cuba. In the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the December *Pro-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gressive, Donald Grant has reported a Cuban-Soviet offer of "peaceful coexistence," made through him last summer and, on the basis of the facts above, recognized by State Department officials as a workable bid for improved U.S.-Cuban relations. The same officials told Grant the Nixon Administration was uninterested; it was "thinking chiefly of its right-wing supporters." Theodore Draper once argued at length that U.S.-Cuban hostilities sprang not from substantial differences between the two countries but from Castro's internal political needs. Whatever the merits of that old argument, it is now Mr. Nixon's internal political needs which are overriding the many good reasons for ending the boycott.

Labor's Chance: Some Unlikely Tories

On October 15th. Harold Wilson celebrated the beginning of his sixth year as British Prime Minister. By the end of this summer, there were many prepared to bet that it would also be his last, but if they "put their money where their mouths were" then, they probably regret it already. For it is beginning to look as though, in a year's time, the people of Britain will march once more to the polls to put the little man with the accent and the pipe and the funny mackintosh back into 10 Downing Street as though he owned the freehold. One big reason for this is that the other main contender for the property is having terrible trouble with his clients.

In the summer of 1965, Edward Heath inherited a Conservative Party with no will to win, and little sense of direction. In the four years of his leadership the will to win has returned, but the directional sense has become, if anything, even more confused. Apparently small outbreaks of rebellion from the right wing of the party swell into festering sores in its rump, and the leader seems just about powerless to discover the antidote. Of course there have always been liberals and conservatives in the Tory Party, they have always rowed, and often the party position on issues of great moment has been vigorously argued out between them. But now the tone is very different. That the right wing is active in its advocacy of tougher policies on "law and order," "the permissive society," "the immigration problem," and "students" (to name only the most obvious) has been rammed home very forcefully in the past few months; and this at a time when the liberal wing is beginning to look progressively weaker.

At the Party Conference in Brighton in the second week of October, a motion demanding the return of capital punishment was passed *against* the advice of the party leadership, and a motion upholding the leaders' stand on Rhodesia only just withstood a very determined push from the right. (Recognize U.D.I., drop sanctions, etc.) Mr. Heath identified these conflicts as a sign of health and vigor in the party, but his optimism must have been short-lived. Two weeks later *The Times* was unearthing the dirty story of the plight of Mr. Nigel Fisher, Tory M.P. for Surbiton, and target for right-wing activists in his constituency (members of the Monday Club, a right-wing ginger group inside the Tory Party) who would like to unseat him and replace him with a Conservative more keen to take a "realistic" line on the race issue. (Basically, don't let in any more, and repatriate the ones we've got!)

Mr. Enoch Powell, the Conservative most closely associated with right-wing policies on racial questions, continues to grab the headlines with his appearances around the country, and occasional rumblings of support for him break out from the shires. He is not a member of the Monday Club himself: his stand on the withdrawal of troops from East of Suez hardly fits in with their conception of Empire. But he is undoubtedly popular amongst right wingers in general, and his continued news prominence with alternative policies on almost every issue must act as a constant embarrassment to Edward Heath.

More immediately, just as this swell of right-wing demands has begun to break over the liberals' heads, they have lost one of their most prominent and respected spokesmen. Sir Edward Boyle, acknowledged leader of the liberal group of Tory M.P.'s in the House of Commons, and Conservative shadow minister for Education and Science, recently announced his resignation to take up the post of Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds. His departure heralds a weakening of moderate opinion within the party: the more so as Sir Edward had never allowed the right wing to browbeat him over his support for a comprehensive system of secondary education, and had stood up to their attacks with a degree of stubborn personal courage that won him friends outside his Party.

It is precisely this ability to win support *outside* the party ranks of the faithful that is the crucial issue facing Edward Heath. Recent public opinion figures show a considerable movement of support back to the Labor Party (the Tory lead of 20 percent at the beginning of August had shriveled to around 3 percent in the last week of October), and although by-elections in 5 Labor-held constituencies on October 30th. showed swings of approximately 10 percent to the Conservatives, this figure is substantially down on those of last spring.

There is now a strong tide of belief in the Labor Party that they can hold on and win the next election, and it is with the certainty of this election falling in the next 18 months that Mr. Heath must be so anxious to disperse the internal quarreling in his Party so as to face the voter (and especially the floating voter) with a united front. The argument is about how to design policies that both preserve unity *and* attract voters, and Mr. Heath's problem is that the fighting may become so fierce that either the Party collapses in disarray, or he and his colleagues on the front bench are forced to offer policies that straddle the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contending wings, and in so doing contain profound internal contradictions for Labor politicians to point at.

In a sense this last has already happened with aspects of the Conservative economic program. To offer lower personal taxation, the abolition of Selective Employment Tax, the re-establishment of a British military presence East of Suez, and better social security benefits, all in the same package, must surely sound pretty improbable, even in the ears of the economically illiterate. Yet that is one part of the current Conservative offering. The big question is, will they do the same over race? (Try to offer better conditions for improving racial harmony whilst encouraging the worst aspects of intolerance and victimization by setting up a system of repatriation.) And what of education? And hanging? And abortion? The list that marks the cracks in Tory solidarity is beginning to look very long indeed, and you don't have to be Harold Wilson to guess that if things get worse before they get better the electorate won't want to change the tenants in Downing Street.

KEITH OVENDEN

(Keith Ovenden, a previous contributor, is a member of the Department of Government at the University of Essex.)

The Bullmoose In the Souvenir Shop

"I wish very much that the wrong people could be prevented entirely from breeding," Theodore Roosevelt wrote in 1914. ". . . But as yet there is no way possible to devise which could prevent all undesirable people from breeding."

This and other equally provocative utterances of the former President are available in paperback for 85 cents at TR's birthplace in Manhattan and at Sagamore Hill, his home near Oyster Bay on Long Island. The literature around historical sites administered by the National Park Service usually ranges from the reverential to the scholastic. Only at Teddy Roosevelt's pads can one, by investing 85 cents and five minutes, confirm that the White House once was occupied by a jingoist and racist.

This departure from tepidity is the triumph and exculpation of TR's son, Archibald, a well known right-winger who once led a campaign to keep J. Robert Oppenheimer from speaking at Harvard University.

Archibald, who is 74, has chafed for years over the charge that his own kooky conservatism was a disservice to his father's memory. He and a sidekick, Zygmund Dobbs, culled the 24 volumes of TR's collected works to establish that Archibald is preserving, not betraying, the paternal values. Mission accomplished.

"A perfectly stupid race can never rise to a very high plane; the Negro, for instance, has been kept down as much by lack of intellectual development as by anything else," they quote Roosevelt as saying in 1895.

"But there has been a distinct degeneracy in the moral fibre of our people, owing to this peace propaganda, a distinct increase in moral flabbiness, a distinct increase in hysteria and sentimental untruthfulness," he announced in 1916. Nobody talks like that any more except Spiro.

Archibald covered his book in red and titled it, "Theodore Roosevelt on Race—Riots—Reds—Crime." The National Park Service and the Theodore Roosevelt Association modestly credit each other with making such spirited reading available at the two shrines. John Neckels, whose title is only management assistant but who is the top Park Service official at Sagamore Hill, said that the association, which gave the two houses to the government, continued to operate the concession stands at both places. Neckels said he supposed that the Park Service could veto what was sold at the stands but that the question had never been raised.

John H. G. Pell of Manhattan, the association president, said that the association had nothing to do with the decision to stock the book at the association's own concession stands. "Those decisions are made by the Park Service," he explained.

Neckels said no visitor had ever complained about the book—which went on sale a few months ago—and that he saw nothing wrong selling it at a national park site. "All the words are the words of Theodore Roosevelt, not his son," Neckels added. This is marginally unfair to Archibald, who has contributed paragraph headings throughout the book that are generally even livelier than daddy's text. "Violent Fanatics and Rioters Should Be Killed," for instance, under which TR called for the killing of fanatics and rascals, but neglected to mention rioters.

My personal favorite heading is, "Effeminate Leftist Intellectuals Debauch the Youth." But there are many contenders.

"Punish Reds Before Not After They Act."

And, "Expose the Mawkish Judges and Mushy Sentimentalists."

And, "Pacifists Do More Harm than Thieves and Grafters."

And, "Some Africans Are Apelike."

And, "Masterful White Texans Supplanted a Weaker Race."

And, "Let Both Whites and Indians Who Won't Work Perish."

These are all reasonably accurate renderings of TR's views, and they gain a great deal from Archibald's gift for compression.

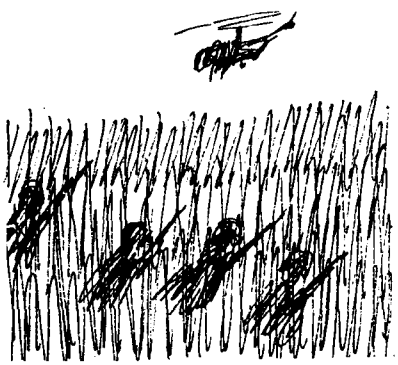
At 85 cents, it's just the thing for the Cub Scouts on your Christmas list.

PATRICK OWENS

(Patrick Owens, chief editorial writer for Newsday, *studied the intellectual background of American racism as a Harvard Nieman Fellow.)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stiff Upper Lip Over a Massacre



The Economist is one of the world's most respected journals. With a distinguished history which can boast names like John Stuart Mill and Walter Baghehot among past editors, with excellent reporting, especially from the developing nations, and with a low-key, well-mannered editorial style, *The Economist* is a favorite among literate policy-makers and the Cold War liberals whom Mr. Agnew likes to quote in his speeches. That *The Economist* also outspokenly backs capitalism (progressive, of course), the United States, and the war in Vietnam does not displease these gentlemen. Obviously it is a civilized, hard-headed and objective publication—unlike those rude, emotional and partisan rags published by scruffy graduate students who barely know Baghehot from Bentham.

It is a measure, then, and not a reassuring one, of the current state of civilized hard-headedness and gentlemanly discourse that *The Economist*'s response to the Song My massacre was, in brief, a stiff upper lip. Of course the deed was "abominable." An atrocity—"its authors must be punished." But *The Economist* is not going to waste space on maudlin reflections. ("There is something close to a mathematical certainty that any army at war will produce a number of atrocity-makers.") The only "question that matters" is whether people's opinion on the war ought to be affected by the revelation of this deed, and *The Economist* says no. Is there "a special relationship between this atrocity and this particular war"? Only, writes *The Economist*, if it can be proved that there is a *policy* of atrocities, a general order to kill civilians.

For a hard-headed journal, well steeped in history, that is a remarkably naive view. There can be a "special relationship" between atrocities and this particular war without necessitating a military order. The U.S. is interfering in that bitterest and cruelest kind of war: a civil war. The U.S. is acting as an occupying power among a people, a sizable portion of whom do not appreciate this service, and without very effective means of telling those who do from those who don't. Like the legions of empires before them, American troops are subject to native racism and a general distance from the customs and character of the "aborigines"—with the result that the humanity of the population is easily disregarded or entirely forgotten.

That *The Economist* ignores these rather elementary nuances might, suggest that the "complexity" with which journals of its sort are supposed to see the world is, at second glance, a rather simple complexity indeed, composed more of dust in the face than of factors in balance. But *The Economist*'s basic justification of the war has always been much of the same, as black-and-white and apocalyptic in its own tweedy, well-accented manner as anything offered by S.D.S. The war, one reads in the editorial on Song My, "is a struggle to decide which of two radically different systems of government" the South Vietnamese will live under. (In past statements the magazine has not hesitated to inflate the war into a global contest between the Johnson doctrine and the Lin Piao doctrine, as to which method, American capitalism or Maoist socialism, will be the wave of the future for developing nations.) The massacre at Song My might have caused *The Economist* to wonder exactly how radically different the two sides in Vietnam are—especially since the main prop it can offer for the argument that Saigon is a potential democracy is that "it is a ward of the United States." Naturally *The Economist* proposes, as "a better commentary on what the war is being fought for," the fact that the atrocity was revealed and, publicized. Unworthy of mention is the fact that it was neither Saigon nor the U.S. government and military who revealed the event, but critics of the war. Unworthy of mention, or of thought, is the fact that virtually only one government in the world has openly whitewashed the massacre—and that government is the "radically different" one for which America is fighting.

The Economist editorial is all-too-painful an example of the "non-ideological" ideology of certain supposedly tough-minded liberals, the various Irvings and Lionels and Arnolds who denounce student radicals every second week in the Sunday *New York Times Magazine* and every second month in *Commentary*. That *The Economist* ends by calling the war a "tragedy" is the final giveaway. The war is a tragedy, yes. But readers of the Cold War periodicals of the '50s and '60s know how regularly the word "tragedy" pops up whenever there is need to rhetorically ennoble some bloody business the U.S. is into. PETER STEINFELS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VIEW FROM CUBA

On being an American in Havana

JAMES HARVEY

I

HAVANA comes as a shock—after New York, after Mexico City: to find yourself in the middle of a city where the dominant sense is that people passing on the street are connected to one another seems both strange, and exhilarating. Not connected sentimentally, or even emotionally—but in the large impersonal ways that the enormous effort of the Revolution enforces. Theoretically there are in a Revolution no pointless lives or people—and although this, like all theories, breaks down at a number of points in practice, it seems just true enough about ordinary life in Havana to make being there, moving in it and observing it a kind of revelation for an American.

Shabby and decayed, with an acute housing shortage and thus still something like slums to show (though nothing to compare with those of New York or Mexico City), with fiestas and street celebrations banned now during the austerity, Havana is so far from being the center of the Revolution ("You must leave this dreary hideous city," a writer said to me, "go to the country where you can *see* the Revolution.") it is often spoken of, even by Castro himself, as if it were an encumbrance to it. Enlarged over the years to accommodate the great masses of tourists who are unlikely to come soon if ever again, an overdeveloped city at an inconvenient edge of an undeveloped country, it has unquestionably fallen into a state of neglect. But in spite of all this, it says more about the Revolution to a city-oriented observer than the countryside is likely to. Unlike any city I've seen, Havana reflects at every point an idea—even with so many problems unresolved, so much yet to be filled in—a coherent and humane idea of what a city should be.

An idea that reflects itself in the behavior of Havanans themselves, their general mood of seriousness, their sobriety, commitment and discipline—they contradict nearly every cliché about the Latin American temperament. To strangers they are polite and friendly in a forthright, unfussy way, nearly everyone seems busy—not driven or harried but simply and seriously preoccupied.

The general air of grave, quiet authority characterizes even the business of meeting and picking up girls around the Havana Libre. In all public behavior there seems a notable absence of hysteria and flamboyance. The people in the unmoving queues are cheerful and talkative—no jostling, no quarreling. And there are queues everywhere —outside restaurants, bars, movies (the longest day-and-night queues were for a recent British detective film with Stewart Granger—about as close a facsimile to a new American film as Cubans can get these days). Also bookstores—books commonly sell out the day they are published. And travel bureaus—travel in Cuba is one of the few unrationed luxuries left, and resorts are no longer either filled with foreigners or prohibitively expensive. And the program of "voluntary labor," a phrase to inspire skepticism in almost anyone, seems to be just that. Trucks go out every morning from the hotels in Havana, and workers and guests have the option of going on them to work in the Green Belt around the city. A real option apparently, though undoubtedly there are social pressures. The Revolution makes a great thing of such options being real, and the emphasis on individual conscience is perva-

JAMES HARVEY *is a member of the English Department at State University of New York at Stony Brook and a playwright whose latest play was produced this spring at the New Theatre Workshop in New York. He returned from a visit to Cuba in June of this year.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sive and unrelenting. More than one Cuban told me a story about how guilty he felt—usually to his surprise—the day he missed voluntary labor, and days after. One of Castro's frequent public attacks on the East European Communists makes the appalled disclosure that over there they actually *pay* for "voluntary labor."

Of all I saw though perhaps the best single example of "revolutionary spirit" in action was a Popular Tribunal—or People's Court—that I came on in an empty store in the Old Havana district. A three-man tribunal in work clothes, the presiding judge a shrewd, pleasant, uncondescending man in his fifties. In one case a store manager was being "tried"—incredibly—for rudeness to a woman customer: in the end he was somewhat rebuked, she was somewhat mollified, and they left the court as ostensible friends, at least in the public sense—which seems to be the point aimed at in a lot of these cases.

People's Courts are restricted to minor offenses, and the most typical severe sentence is restriction to one's house or block for a week to a month. The longest and most serious trial that night was so complicated, involving so many friends, relatives and conflicting stories, that I'm not even sure now that I know what the charge was—but it seemed to be threatening with a deadly weapon. The accused man, a member of the local Committee for the Defense of the Revolution, had let himself into his former apartment (the fact that he somehow still had a key to the place was the focus of a lot of concern) and found his ex-wife's brother in bed with a girl (she was the only one remotely involved in the case who *didn't* appear to testify) and routed them out by waving a gun at them—at least that was one version of it. What was more interesting in a way were the spectators in the courtroom, mostly people from the block, who gave this whole thing the most quiet and steady attention—a good deal of it no doubt fascination with the neighbors' business—except that the mood on the whole was too weighty, too serious to be altogether explained that way.

After retiring to deliberate, the tribunal returned and the presiding judge pronounced verdict and sentence: the CDR man was obliged to return the key to his ex-wife, to whom the apartment now belonged, and the deadly weapon charge was dismissed for lack of evidence. He then asked, by a series of formal questions, for the people in the courtroom to comment on the verdict, to agree or disagree. And a discussion, restrained but extended, followed. One man rose to say that someone was lying—the whole matter ought to be looked into further and not simply dismissed, therefore at the least the sentence was inadequate. The judged replied that it would be impossible to establish a lie, and even if one had been told it was probably out of understandable embarrassment in a generally embarrassing situation. He went on to say: such matters anyway were judged more "humanely" now (a favorite word in Revolutionary Cuba), with more sympathy for understandable human failings than they were in the days before the Revolution. And at this the courtroom applauded him, politely but with steady contained feeling. This seemed to be the kind of moment, the kind of affirmation and expression they had come for.

The austerity of Havana is an austerity of spirit too. The idea that the city embodies is in many respects Puritan. And the signs of shortage and hardship are a kind of visual counterpart to the Puritanism: the idealization not only of self-sacrifice but of mundane hard work and day-to-day self-discipline, the nervousness about frivolity and self-indulgence, and even a rather stern (by our standards) ethic of the personal and sexual life.

Havanans, with their recent memories, are determined never to be whores of any kind again—the prohibition against tipping is one extension of this. It is reflected too in the total absence of pornographic appeals and incentives, even of certain kinds of blatancy—pictures of Fidel, for example, are never displayed publicly. The contrast between Cuban posters for Russian films—elegant non-representational designs of great intricacy—and the films themselves is always instructive. The same sophistication characterizes the ICAIC newsreels—the ones I saw, filled with propaganda for the Decisive Effort (as almost everything is), were surprisingly intelligent and low-key, the dominant tone being gaiety. The presence of tact and restraint in so many official areas of Havana life is heartening, a positive and not merely negative reflection of austerity.

For in spite of the fact that the peasant is at the emotional center of the revolution, that he tends to be invoked and idealized in the propaganda while an abstraction called the middle class is excoriated, this is in some respects a very bourgeois revolution. At the children's hospital, a lean rangy young doctor—a blue-eyed mulatto with the stance and gait of a cowhand—told of working among the people in the Sierra Maestra. He spoke of their condition with horror and compassion. "They lived when we found them," he said, "like animals"—his eyes widening gravely at the memory. There is no sign of a tendency to idealize or sentimentalize peasant life. It is for this doctor precisely because people should not live such a life that the revolution was fought.

Although the children of peasants at the National Arts School study Afro-Cuban music and dancing (as well as classical ballet), they also learn table manners: how to choose the correct fork for the correct course, even the correct wine, and so on. When the lady who guided us through the school on an extremely hot morning brought us to the bar for drinks she reminded us that "everyone should be able to sit and drink daiquiris as we do—everyone should have the same good things." She was herself a paradigm of upper-middle-class style and elegance—the kind of woman who gives the impression of wearing fine jewelry without actually doing so. A lovely fine-boned, dramatically aging face with large limpid eyes, a very gentle concerned manner—and a history in Batista days of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

underground activity. She described herself as formerly one of the "well-to-do" (everyone who makes this confession in Cuba does so with a show of embarrassment)—her home in Miramar had been a hideout for saboteurs. She was one of the few people I met whose feelings about the Revolution were close to the surface, on display on her face, available as it were for visitors. Evidently the kind of woman who would know a lot about table manners, her great enthusiasm was for the month or two a year when the National Arts school goes to work in the country. This was the Revolution for her now—children, campesinos, professors working together on the Cuban land. To hear this elegant lady talking from experience about the mystical rewards of hard common labor was an impressive minor experience

II

BUT FOR ME whatever seemed most extraordinary, most exciting about Cuba turned out over and over again to be a clear difference from America—there was no escaping it. For Cuba today has become, for good or ill, for many left-wing people outside it a land of Hope and Dreams—nothing makes that clearer than being there, feeling the hopes rise to the sometimes disappointing occasion. Anyway Cuba is one of the few places in the world at the moment for which hope in the political or social sense could seem an appropriate, even a realistic feeling. At any rate, it's the feeling one sees the sights with. In my case, in each case, the two sights—Havana in front of my eyes, and America in its present state behind them. For example, my first hour in Havana driving in from the Jose Marti airport—it's not that I didn't *know* there would be no advertising, no electric signs in Havana—but that I was unprepared for the impact of a city without them, a sight I'd never seen before. To see the whole system not modified, controlled, made "tasteful," but just simply swept away with a that's-*that* kind of finality. The effect on the face of the city itself is like a humanity reclaimed.

So much of what's attractive about Havana presents itself in negatives, in terms of the horrors and indignities one takes for granted in other cities but finds missing there. There is no outrageous poverty, even in the byways and back alleys. Everyone looks well-fed and well-clothed. ("You're ashamed to wear *new* clothes, even if you can get them somehow," a young Cuban woman told me, with great satisfaction.) No beggars, no whores. I never saw a drunk anywhere, even on weekends. (The Revolutionary Offensive, in March of '68, closed all bars and night clubs, though they were subsequently reopened weekends only, as they still are. Hotel bars are open nightly, though one needs to be a hotel guest or with one to use them.)

Havana must be one of the safest cities in the world, and yet there seem to be no uniformed police. (Plenty of militia men and women but they seem mostly confined at night to guarding official buildings in Vedado.) In part the people police themselves (a bit carelessly lately, I was told) through Committees for the Defense of the Revolution, one to each city block.

Praising the Revolution in Havana is like walking into the lobby of the Chicago Tribune to say: Yes, you are 'The World's Greatest Newspaper'—or telling students at a Catholic school they have a great church going for them.

There are no traffic problems, no smog, no fumes—because of course there is almost no traffic. It has become above all a city to walk in—with streets like the Malecon, the broad beautiful avenue that follows the sea wall around the magnificent Havana harbor (in Batista days jammed its whole neon-lighted length with autos even through the night). One of the most beautiful cities in the world to look at certainly—and now as well, a city to smell the sea in and watch the sky. No sense of people jammed and overcrowded either, though there are people on the streets always—a good part of the population still seems casually and quietly to stay up all night.

An estimated quarter of the city was away working at the agriculture. This is the Year of the Decisive Effort—the most decisive thing of all being the sugar crop, a projected ten million tons by August 1970. The one large neon sign in Havana—at street level on the Rampa, sitting under a discreet canopy, an ingenious maze-like, multi-layered affair with stairs for walking through—says front on: "The Ten Million Tons are Coming." You can only make this out when it's lit up—which it is, of course, only on weekends.

But exactly the aspects of Havana I've been describing—the absence of cars, signs, prostitutes, etc.—are seen by many Free World observers as evidences of a predictably unhappy condition. I don't mean just the sort of thing that used to be popular in American Sunday supplements—the oh-the-lights-have-gone-out-in-gay-Havana report, full of boozy rue and mock-condolence—but almost any current issue of the *New York Times* with a Havana story in it.

For example, even describing the visit last July of a Soviet fleet: "The Havana waterfront must have appeared unlike those the Soviet sailors may have seen in other parts of the world," and stepping ashore the astonished sailors saw, according to this, "evidence of Cuba's economic difficulties" all around—"few cars . . . shabby buildings . . . empty store windows" and so on—this list is never omitted from *Times* reports on Havana. And its accuracy—if not its intended point—is undeniable. Ten

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years ago there were, for instance, over 3000 cars in Cuba, mostly clogging Havana. There were also at that time over 300,000 people in the Sierra Maestra without medical care of any kind—people who now have doctors and hospitals. But this is not the kind of connection apparently that *Times* men are programmed to make.

But the *Times* knows—or reflects its audience. Since returning from Cuba, everyone I've talked to—including several Cuban émigrés—who was not pro-Revolution in some way to begin with, has shown this same preoccupation with shortage and scarcity in Cuba. Although the issue of political freedom usually comes up in these conversations it always and invariably does so later—well after the food rationing.

It's ironic and depressing, I think, that concern about a people's diet should focus so repeatedly on the single country in Latin America where they are demonstrably *not* starving. But a good deal of the hostility to Cuba—and not just the uninformed kind—does come very often from people who are simply unable to imagine what Havanans are called on to imagine and enact every day of their lives—the sacrifice of their own comfort for the good of some rather remote other people, mostly the Cuban peasant. That this is the real meaning and explanation of Havana's shabbiness and scarcities, almost anyone in that city will tell you—and nearly always with surprising grace and lightness. "We are poorer than we were, everyone in Havana now. It is the sacrifice we make."

Such things are said frequently and easily. Too easily perhaps. Because if you have to behave idealistically, you may as well talk that way too. The same people in America might be saying the opposite things—talking the incredible language of selfishness as a social virtue—with equal conviction. If the person talking is merely saying the Thing-to-Say—especially in a highly controlled, even repressive society like Cuba's—can it really matter what the Thing-to-Say *is*?

One of the lessons I learned from being in Cuba is that it *does* matter, I think, in more than one way. Certainly to a visitor there, the climate of generous opinion is an important source not only of the feeling of at-home-ness that Havana gives, but of liberation—of a sort that I haven't felt anywhere so strongly as in this "non-democratic" state. It's the first time in my life at least that I've moved in a society where there was not a public disjunction between the opinions of some humane, enlightened (and self-congratulating) minority and the people at large. It turns out, as Cuba shows, that such a disjunction, although perhaps probable in most social arrangements, isn't really in the nature of things: it could be different.

Even in America perhaps. Where as it is you learn to expect that ordinary people—the people you meet and talk to in the ordinary daily course of things—will have (unless they're Jewish) ugly and ungenerous opinions about almost any concern broader than their own families and front yards. About Blacks, people on welfare rolls, peace marchers and draft resisters, foreign aid as it's called (except of course the military kind), slum dwellers who don't "keep their neighborhoods up" ("That's why they get bit by rats, y'know," a cab driver said to me recently. "Then they holler about it."), the absolute right of America to do whatever it likes wherever in the world it likes, and even the Vietnam war—which although detested almost universally at last, can still as a topic provoke some blood-freezing remarks ("Drop the Bomb or get out"). What I realized in Havana was just how destructive and poisonous such a climate of feeling and opinion can be—the liberation you feel there is partly a liberation from the ugliness.

One can choose in America of course not to live among such people (not even to talk to cab drivers), to stay in enclaves of the humanely spoken—quite feasible, even easy to do in New York and other large cities. But if you don't make that choice, or have it made for you somehow, you end up, inevitably I think, doing a lot of talking to yourself: about how liberal opinions, God knows, are no guarantee in yourself or others against personal ghastliness—or cruelty or destructiveness. About how such opinions may even work as a license liberating all kinds of nastiness and irresponsibility in those who hold them—and how inhumane opinions are after all only opinions, a fairly external part of anyone's personal equipment, and how the people who hold them are so often in all their more personal relations decent, generous, kind, and enlightened, much more so than a lot of liberals and radicals one knows. In whose circles ordinary personal decency at least as an ideal has for a long time—partly because of this situation—been at a discount.

But the situation is very different in Cuba where the decencies one associates with ordinary living—honesty, industry, thrift, prudence, self-discipline, public decorum, even something like "clean living"—are associated, not as they so often are in America, with grudging and cruel political notions, but with the most radical social action and commitment. All this inclines the visitor to some second thoughts about these virtues—to some perception about their value for, even necessity to any kind of ordered social renewal, or revolution.

III

IF IT was sometimes easy to make clear contrasts between America and Cuba, at other times and in other ways it was hard for me to keep them disentangled—particularly when questioned about my reactions to Cuba. When I left Havana and returned to Mexico City, I appeared on television there, in a Mexican variant of the Tonight show, to talk about Cuba. Havana is surely the only capitol in the hemisphere where one can go, spend an extremely comfortable two weeks or so as I did, and emerge like an explorer with a minor but pronounced celebrity. And although by this time I was used to imposture—I had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

often enough in Cuba been treated like an Important Person, impressed into a dilapidated Cadillac to tour hospitals and schools like some visiting mayor (the point is the government didn't know who I was and it bothered them a bit, but in such cases their policy generally seems to be better safe than sorry)—appearing in Mexico as a kind of Cuban expert was disorienting. So was the television show itself (like most of my experience in Mexico as it happened, a kind of propagandist's dream of decadent capitalist culture).

My interview, one of several "guest shots" that night, was preceded by a loud love-song from two angry-faced girl singers, and an extended appearance by a man who made and sold mod-type colored eyeglasses and who seemed to have brought them all to the studio with him. I was made to sit, feet dangling, on a large maroon cube while the man who interviewed me sat on an adjoining pink one, the whole thing like an abandoned set from *Babes in Toyland* (the program schedule I saw beforehand *had* said "Entrevista en cubos"—but I'd thought that was just my language problem again). The interview was brief and I remember only vaguely now what I said—except I felt at the time that something somehow was going wrong with my intention to make Cuba sound as good as possible (Mexicans surprisingly seem about as reactionary and as poorly informed on the subject as Americans).

I finished, wandered off camera, and was immediately cornered by what seemed to be an aging outraged hippie, who kept insisting loudly and repeatedly that life in Cuba now was nothing but cutting sugar cane. The same figure soon reappeared as a Pierrot: he turned out to be a dancer on the show and a Cuban émigré. His lady partner, also Cuban, was calmer and friendlier but equally anti-Castro. When I asked her hopefully if I hadn't sounded pro-Castro, she thought this over for a moment, then said: "No . . . I thought you sounded tense." When others came along to congratulate me on a very "objective" interview, my heart really sank. And I remembered that the friendly intelligent young interviewer had thanked me before I left my cube for a view of Cuba "without passion."

Incredible. Or so it seemed to me. The problem of course was just the opposite my first few days out of Havana: too much "passion," and an instinctive fear that if I betrayed even a little of it I would no longer sound "reliable," like the sort of person who could be believed. The fact that the things I felt and thought about Cuba seemed simple and strong at the time made them in effect more difficult to say. And almost anything I did say got hopelessly mixed up, as I went on, with my feelings about America—like the remark of a friend of mine (who had also been in Havana) that expressed my feeling too: that Cuba was the only country he knew of that he could imagine wanting to fight for.

Anyway for reasons like these, I continued to feel blankness and vague panic before even the fuzziest friendliest questions. Such as "What's it like there?"—no good asking them to re-phrase that. (I found just as often in Mexico that nobody in the room gave a damn for hearing about a visit to Cuba, though almost everyone seemed to think they did or at least ought to. A host at an elegant dinner party announced over the meat—with the excited air of someone starting a race—that I was a writer from New York who had just been to Cuba. Exclamations, murmurs, heads turning—uneasy silence. Broken by the glittering lady at my elbow: "You're from New York, are you—have you seen *Oh Calcutta*?")

If one asks whether there is freedom of expression in Cuba, the answer is that there both is—certainly by comparison to many other Communist states—and is not, and that it's at least a toss-up which tendency will prevail in the end.

The Tass correspondent in Mexico City, an amiable and intelligent man with whom I talked at length, told me I seemed "uncertain in my ideas"—giving the impression that if he'd had the time he'd be glad to stiffen them up a bit. And although I thought his judgment was wrong, I knew he had a point. I certainly *felt* uncertainty sometimes. And I began to realize that part of the reason was that I had misgivings about Cuba that I didn't want to talk about—on television, or before skeptical or hostile questioners in general. It's hard in any case to tell the truth. If there's part of it you want, for whatever reason, to conceal or avoid, it can be hard to talk at all.

Cuban propaganda is relentless. Some of it is also idiotic. On occasion even sinister. As in a *Granma* article I saw on the "psychology" of the Bay of Pigs invaders, which attempted to treat counter-revolution in pseudo-clinical terms (mixed up with moralistic ones) of mental illness, so tricky, crude, and dishonest a use of would-be scientific jargon as to suggest nothing so much as conscious cynicism ("Let's try calling them insane too. It can't hurt.").

But this example seemed more ominous—suggestive of what *could* be done—than typical. The most usual thing, after attacks on America and its Latin-American allies, is the simple-minded pep talk. One of the things that puzzled me at first was the impression I had that people I met by chance on the street sometimes tended to look embarrassed and evasive if I praised the Revolution to them. That was before I fully registered the relentlessness of the propaganda. Praising the Revolution to the man on a Havana street must be a bit like, say, walking into the outer lobby of the Chicago *Tribune* to say: Yes, you *are*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The World's Greatest Newspaper"—or like telling the students at a Catholic boarding school that they have a great church going for them. The government devotes so much print and space to such praise that far from allaying suspicion much of the time, I would think they might even provoke it.

For example, the stories in *Granma* and *Juventud* about U.S. control and intervention in Latin America contained, as far as I could tell, almost nothing that wasn't true (what need to invent?)—but somehow and unfortunately none of it *sounded* true. (Perhaps partly because Rockefeller's trip was much featured at the time—and that *was* by any account hard to believe.) An inevitable problem with a controlled press. The excess of propaganda puts off a lot of Havanans too, I gather. Anyway I was told by them it's mainly meant for the country people—these masses of the newly literate who are one of the Revolution's most extraordinary accomplishments. They at least—so the argument ran—really need and take heart from its affirmations of national pride, its reassurances and predictions of

success, its incitements to greater efforts—for them, the excess works. Which may be quite true, for all I know. But there's a disturbing condescension in the idea.

But just as often the propaganda I saw seemed skillful and intelligent—as in Cuban newsreels and documentaries —as in the best of Castro's speeches, such as the one on last May 26 at a ceremony merging the water department with the agriculture. Direct, sensible, honest and outspoken about mistakes made and setbacks encountered, full above all of the most remarkable good will and good humor. When *Granma* too reflects these qualities—combined with the constant note of revolutionary dedication—it can be not only worth reading, but compelling and moving in just the ways it means to be. The problem is, I would think, that that kind of thing is almost all in the way of news-writing the Cubans do have to read.

But an American visiting Cuba has to take into account in himself, I think, a built-in resistance not only to propaganda (to Americans nearly always a pejorative word; the corresponding bad word in Cuba, I suppose, would be "advertising"—and my guess is that propaganda of the Cuban sort, supporting real social progress, is less harmful) but to inspirational atmosphere in general. So many days of so many people displaying or describing heroic and impressive achievements—not that the visitor can't be easily and powerfully drawn into it, but it all backs up after a while—like a speed course in Positive Thinking—curdles a bit in the system, just because the American's system is so unused not only to inspiration and optimism, but even in a way to achievement, at least of the solid unequivocal kind that Cubans have to show. And the kind of American who gets to Cuba under the present circumstances is likely to be, by character and experience, an opponent (even if only a verbal and emotional one) of constituted authority. But this habit of opposition, which is one impulse among others that has brought him to Cuba, turns out while he is there—for at least a short visit—to be largely and bewilderingly irrelevant, a habit of response as inconvenient as a twitch. Since so many of the ideals that define him at home as dissident and alienated are embodied in Cuba by the Establishment.

Still it remains that what I saw of the shaping of the Revolutionary consciousness through the omnipresent propaganda seems to take dangerously little account of such things as human contrariness, the understandable impulse to say no in a yes-saying community (part of the impulse to privacy, I suppose, which Revolutionary society is by its nature hard on), and the ambivalence of all human motives and feelings, even revolutionary ones. There are encouraging exceptions to this pattern—like the extraordinary and very popular film, *Memories of Underdevelopment*, which is for a good part of its length a portrayal of private dislocation and unhappiness in the midst of revolutionary ferment. And I was told that Cuban audiences liked it for just the reason that it spoke frankly (although moralistically) of the difficulties of living through Revolution. An unrelieved climate of inspiration can have its own kind of casualty. One evening in the middle of a crowd of young people—restrained and polite like all crowds in Havana, in no way remarkable—I was told to my astonishment that I was now seeing "the hippies." When I asked how you *knew* when you were seeing them—"Ah," my Havana friend answered cryptically, "they are hippies, they have the feeling to do *many* terrible things."

All this connects of course with a larger, more important problem: the lack of civil liberty in general. "When you're working your guts out for the Revolution as we are," said one Cuban writer, defending government control of publishing, "you can't have people come along and say maybe it's all not worth it."

Cubans put the order and discipline required by the common effort before everything else. Just as the American Left much of the time—in the name of personal liberty—seems to put everything and anything else before "order," a word which has been largely pre-empted by the neanderthal right. But exposure to a society like Cuba reminds one of how obsessive and fanatical our concern with personal liberty is, how inconsistent, and even insane

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at times (the estimable ACLU going to court to challenge the film industry's hypocritical new rating system, championing it seems the right of children to view pornographic movies—on the grounds that if such a right is not allowed the "film artist" will feel his freedom to make such films "threatened" and "constrained": by the prospect apparently of fewer tickets sold). Castro argues, taking the orthodox line as he usually does on such topics, that such liberties not only serve to shore up the capitalist system and its exploitation of other peoples around the world but ultimately corrupt the people who enjoy them, acting as distractions from the real issues of justice and equality in the world. "The question of whether or not to let one's hair grow," he says, "might be a very controversial issue" but it is not the sort of thing that worries "the thousands of millions of human beings" who are faced every day with "the problem of whether or not they will have the possibility or hope of eating."

Overstated and dogmatic as they are one is at least reminded by such statements of how often in recent times in America "revolutionary" movements—against the war, the draft, the exploitation of the blacks—have gotten mixed up with or turned into crusades for the freedom to smoke pot or drop acid, or to say dirty words, as in the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley. (One of the most mind-boggling sights on the current scene is that of young people who proclaim by their appearance and behavior, in almost every way they can, the most defiant personal anarchy, carrying and displaying the little red book of Chairman Mao.) In any case, if the justice, dignity, and purpose that Cuba seems to have achieved for its people goes along with—even requires, as many Cubans would argue—the suspension of what we think of as indispensable liberties, it may be—rather than the Cubans being at fault—that our notion of liberty is.

But Castro is dishonest too. That quote I used about long hair is from his speech on Czechoslovakia. And although the fear of capitalist-consumer life-styles that it indirectly expresses is, I think, realistic enough—a strong infection of current American culture (which the Rumanians seem now so anxious to have) would be enough to blast the roots of any serious revolution—the issues in Czechoslovakia are unforgivably distorted by such a reference. It may be true—I believe it is true—as Susan Sontag says, that Cuba is the most genuinely democratic society in the world at the moment. But as in all such statements, it depends on what you mean by "democratic."

If one asks whether there is freedom of expression in Cuba today, the answer has to be that there both is—certainly by comparison to many other Communist states—and is not, and that it's at least a toss-up which tendency if either will prevail in the end. But by our standards unquestionably such freedom is limited. The only person I met, or even heard of, in Havana who was without a job (and as Edmundo Desnoes argued: the worker in Cuba is really more free than his capitalist counterpart, because the socialist worker can never really be threatened with the loss of his livelihood as the capitalist worker can) was a writer, very pro-Revolution, who had been accused (unjustly everyone said) of counter-revolutionary tendencies in his work.

So there are occasional heresy hunts. There are also suggestions of paranoia in the air and a general nervousness about the government—you can, it seems, suffer for your opinions. Just like America, in fact. But worse. The Cuban has almost no protection against the power of his government to make him suffer. (The fact that this power has been, as most Cubans would argue, mostly benignly used doesn't change the problem.) And no ACLU to call them to account. Not even a muckraking reporter around. The promised and hoped-for Constitution shows no signs as yet of materializing. Other things are said to be more pressing. But . . . they always are.

Cubans say in turn that a lot of this—some of the repressiveness, the absence of due process, and so on—is a phase. But however much you want to believe them, the sickening recent history of Communist states suggests at the least that such phases are easier gotten into than out of—that they tend to be self-perpetuating. What's more, much of this situation, like the propaganda, seems in Cuba strangely gratuitous: there can't be much question for the visitor who goes about with total freedom as I did, that the Revolution is widely and deeply popular. Anyway to an American at this point it's likely to seem that Communists everywhere overestimate the dangers of freedom of expression. (Because in America we do have such freedom on the whole, we now know that the Vietnam war is not supported by the people, which is both interesting and encouraging: but the war goes on, the only apparent adjustment being a different approach to the public relations problem.)

IV

BUT THESE are the remarks and concerns of an outsider after all—something you're very much aware of being while you're in Havana. Another factor to inhibit the sound of expertise. Cubans are helpful in this respect too. They tell tactful, good-humored stories about *other* visitors—"very nice, very intelligent"—who stayed two weeks or so and went home as experts. "Observers of the Revolution" is a phrase one of them used, with a slight, tight smile. Their point is that the Revolution is such an intense and total experience for them, that it tends to disqualify the mere "observer."

But observers are everywhere in the hotels of Havana—and for the visitor they become an important part of the experience of being there. (The food situation, for example, means you almost have to eat at a hotel, either at your own or as someone's guest at another.) And the sense of communality that pervades Havana transmits itself to visitors too.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Although I stayed at the Havana Libre, the most interesting foreign visitors I met—the most involved with Cuba and the most independently adventurous—were at the Deauville, a small pleasant hotel, in a half-hearted Miami style, on the Malecon at the edge of Old Havana. Not an accident so much as a byproduct of government manipulation. No foreigner entering Cuba chooses his hotel, as I found when I tried to do so—he is assigned to one at the airport. Businessmen, technologists, reporters, or VIP's of any sort seem mostly to be sent to one of the large showplace hotels, the Havana Libre or the Nacional. The Deauville (entirely restricted to foreign guests, unlike the other two hotels which are crowded with Cubans) gets the people who come to Cuba more or less on their own, classified on entry as "tourists," sent by no one and representing nothing but the impulses that brought them. There I met an old-time Australian Socialist, two Swedish musicologists exploring ways to bring their students to Cuba the following year, a young French Communist with movie-star looks who was looking for (and got) a job as a cameraman in Cuban television—and an itinerant Italian named Leopold, a man in his thirties, come from Canada, before that America, and hoping now to go the Isle of Pines to work in the Communist youth community there.

Always in denim work-clothes, wearing the only beard I saw in Havana, formerly a businessman-restauranteur in Italy, Leopold had given it up when he had a kind of conversion experience to Socialism—when he realized that his business could only be made to turn a profit at what he saw as the expense of the workers themselves. Since then a kind of wandering organizer, political reformer, and personal searcher. What I first took to be affected simplicity in him, turned out to be the real thing—belonging to one of the kindest and gentlest people I have ever met. In this respect—his simplicity, even naiveté, a man capable of real and infectious excitement about goodness—he connects for me with the Revolution itself. Cubans too when they met him seemed to feel a connection—in any case, they certainly felt interest, concern, sympathy, responding in more direct ways than I saw them do to any other foreigner. But behind every pair of concerned friendly eyes, a head was shaking: what on earth was he doing there? Almost every day he went out on the truck from the Deauville to cut sugar cane, while he waited day after day for permission to go to the Isle of Pines. No invitation, no special "connections"—it all sounded quixotic, easy to miscarry in the toils of the revolutionary bureaucracy about which Castro himself publicly frets. But one of the attractions of this particular revolution is that half-assed plans and intentions within it do often seem to work out—though of course often not, as Cubans know. It's entirely characteristic of my experience of Leopold that on the last day I saw him he rescued a pathetic dog—rheumy, covered with oil slime, hairless from some skin infection—from drowning in the harbor, while a group of Cubans stood and watched.

Meetings with other foreigners in Havana, even more than with Cubans, are likely to be marked by buoyancy and exhilaration, by the excitement of shared discovery. One of the characteristics of my visit was the unflagging night-long walk through Havana's streets—with Cubans and Europeans engaged in earnest lengthy discussions about possibilities of purpose and order and community that most may have thought they'd given up on long ago—conducted in a kind of simplified common English that gave it all a ludicrous pseudo-Biblical sound, like a Hollywood screenwriter's idea of how the Apostles might talk on their day off.

There was excitement in the atmosphere of such meetings, but of a strangely sober kind—like the atmosphere of intense quiet good will that pervades Havana itself. Quiet but encouraging nonetheless to certain kinds of high-romantic choices and gestures. On the day of his departure, for example, one of the Swedes at the Deauville, a sensible quiet man, left the crowd waiting in the lobby for the endlessly delayed airport bus, crossed the street to the harbor, climbed over the sea wall, undressed and jumped in. He swam for nearly an hour where because of rocks and supposed sharks almost no one does swim. Then dressed, crossed the street, took the bus and flew home. There was a lot about this farewell gesture—its romanticism, its privacy somehow guaranteeing its seriousness, its degree of risk, and the rather incongruous solemnity with which I'm sure it was all enacted—that made it seem right and even familiar to other "observers of the Revolution."

An American in Havana is rare enough to be an object of special interest. The sound of spoken English on a street corner is enough by itself to attract curious and helpful Cubans. (Russian is the street children's first guess about anyone who looks foreign. Russians in Havana ap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pear, whatever the case, like a real imperialist presence—spreading themselves and their families out in hotel dining rooms, by the sides of swimming pools, and seemingly mostly because of the language barrier to have almost no contact with Cubans themselves. In spite of all the Russian movies, Cubans still seem to find the sound of the language strange and even amusing.)

On the whole Cubans seem delighted, even heartened by the proved existence of friendly Americans—and they are endlessly kind and helpful. But visiting Americans must have their drawbacks too. Particularly for the hospitable literary-intellectual set—who have both more contact with such visitors than other groups do, and also perhaps a more highly developed sense of irony—it must be a strain to sit listening to American after American (each with plane ticket home firmly in place in an inner pocket) congratulate them on their revolution. For the kind of American who gets there at all comes mostly determined to like what he sees, arming himself mentally as he goes to confute the ignorance back home, and so not only brave but positively cheerful about the hardships of revolution for the people who have actually to live through it.

Cubans like to show people around—and they make it clear in the most disarmingly direct ways that your good opinion is important to them. The most overworked doctors and teachers seem to be happily available for inspection tours. The climax of almost every institutional visit comes when you're handed a big book to write in—not just your name and place or origin but a quick summary of your responses. When you're done, your guide takes it back and reads it, with undisguised eagerness—while you wait for *his* response.

The response of the American visitor is, I think, particularly important to them. "We need your help," one of them said bluntly when he learned I was writing about Cuba. They aspire above all to technology and efficiency, and so in those senses at least America is a paragon to them. They are obsessed with their own underdevelopment—not just as a complicated fact, a condition to be overcome—but as a word, an image, a metaphor, even a way of explaining details of the Cuban character.

Absentee rates in the mines come up in conversation—"but of course we are an underdeveloped country," someone says, as if that explained it—as in some way and in some moods it seems to explain everything to Cubans—including the day-to-day discouragement that living out the hardships of the Revolution involves: a feeling that Cuba is powerless, forgotten, neglected, the great world is outside and passing them by. That "Cuba is an absurd" as one of them said—whatever happens in the course or outcome of the Revolution, Cuba itself he argued is too small and too weak to be anything finally but "an absurd." Cubans at their gloomiest do not believe that the rich, powerful, glittering world beyond takes much interest in them. And they are almost always pleased, if not always convinced, by evidence to the contrary. They do not really understand—how could they?—why or how Cuba means as much as it does to American radicals.

Almost half the Cubans I met had been to America, some had even lived here, and yet now (except for those who can get the Miami radio) they are as effectively cut off from us as nearly any country in the world. The fact is that, despite their interest in America, the cultural and social developments of the last ten years here are largely unintelligible to them. Visiting Cuba is not only visiting another political system, but another culture. They have heard about our drug problem. It is one thing almost everyone brings up: it is fascinating to them and shocking—they rather like details. But on the other hand it might as well, for all it really means to them, be news from Mars. Or rather from Ancient Rome—a comparison to America they frequently cite.

Cubans tend to idealize American students, to place hope for political change in them. Mostly what they read and hear of them is that they protest the war, challenge the government, etc. If it's ever been suggested to them that many of the same students who do these things are also and significantly a part of the famous American Drug Problem they've tended to dismiss the idea as an obvious attempt by the Establishment to discredit the students for their politics. To many Cubans drugs seem so logical a development for a consumer society to arrive at that it is nearly impossible to explain to them how there might be a real connection in America between drugs and "revolutionary" politics.

A couple of Havanans had heard of a play in New York called *Che*, knew vaguely that it was scandalous, and supposed that it was political. When I told them that the scandal was due to nudity, the enactment of sexual intercourse in various combinations, and so on, they were simply unable to take it in. "Che?" one of them, a poet, said wonderingly. "But why Che? Do they know who he was?—have they read him?" Someone pointed out that shows like *Che* were common in Batista's Havana—and were supposed then to be *counter*-revolutionary, if not by intention certainly in effect.

The most tireless and eloquent spokesman for the Revolution that I met, as well as one of the most impressive examples of its effects, was a Havana University student of English, a young man of 18. He asked a great many questions about American life, politics and literature—and it was talking to him that I think I most realized how unreal, how not quite serious in a way—and rightly—the problems of America must seem to some Cubans. An important part of the Revolutionary consciousness—the developing New Man in Cuba—is not only a lively sense of past injustice in Cuba, but also of the present misery and suffering of most of the people in Latin America. To address oneself to such a consciousness on the subject of America and its problems inclines one to feel apologetic at the least.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

V

IT WAS surprising to me at least how often and how baldly America was portrayed in Cuba not just as a military, economic, and political threat, but as a moral one. This may be partly the orthodox line, but it is also real and recent experience, particularly for Havanans. And the Revolutionary spirit is not only moralistic but ascetic. Castro's disquisitions are full of reminders that the Cuban may not be—and must not think of himself as being—in pursuit of his own happiness. "The spirit of sacrifice" is invoked about as often as the ten million tons. And "luxury," a word frequently used to characterize capitalist and particularly American society, is always an epithet—sign of what is empty, demoralizing, and inhuman, of a condition the Socialist state must determine to avoid.

All this seems risky in a way—can "luxury" sound *that* bad to people as unused to anything like it as most Cubans are? (This use of the word must certainly encourage Cubans on their way to Miami.) Or else it is just rhetoric, understood as such by Cubans themselves. But unlike other Communist states, Cuba under Castro seems really committed to taking the risk that the rhetoric implies—that is, to bring a genuine Communist state, and therefore revolutionary among Communists—just as serious Christians are expected to scandalize bishops, and usually do.

So far the risk seems to have been worth taking. The voluntary labor system, for example, seems to be working. Cuba has gone far already toward eliminating material incentives (a tendency their Russian allies view with hard-headed foreboding, as a kind of predictable Latin excess) —further in a sense than any country in the world toward taking a chance on the individual. Absenteeism in a factory, for example, is approached as a problem—not in how to coerce, or to "bribe" workers to come to work—but in how to convince them that the work is worth coming to. And that this approach may include a consideration of the possibility that it is *not* worth coming to is one of the things that marks this revolution at its best and most hopeful. Because what is really in a way most radical about the Revolution in Cuba is that it seems seriously to offer to put the whole functioning of a society on a moral or individual basis—or as Cubans would say, on a "human" one.

It is in this area that the Revolution's relation to the church becomes really interesting. Cuba's New Man has a lot in common with the Christian ideal—except of course motivation. In fact a good deal of what the church might be supposed to have been doing not only for social justice but for the moral well-being of the individual, the Revolution seems actually to be doing.

Nevertheless this Communist state has been relatively friendly to the church, though it regards it, I was told, with some "suspicion." Being a churchgoing Catholic, however, is no liability to anything except the ultimate accolade there, membership in the Communist Party. But a prominent Havana priest told me that he looked to a day when even this prejudice in Cuba would disappear, when Catholics might join the Party. Of course the church has no press in Cuba—though Catholic writers publish frequently and without hindrance through the many government outlets—and no minor seminaries—since education at that level is universally reserved to the state. But there are more students now in the major seminaries in Cuba than there have ever been—and therefore soon likely to be a greater number of Cuban priests than ever before. But why or what this means I don't know.

Although Catholicism in Latin America seems on the way of becoming a revolutionary force (the U.S. government, as Castro recently said, should worry about Catholics rather than Communists—the latter seem to be in Latin America as reactionary and counter-revolutionary as decades ago Orwell reported them to be in Spain), the church in Cuba seems to contribute little or nothing, to be largely passive and silent. And it's quite likely, I think, that there is suspicion on the church's side too—suspicion whether the New Man can be achieved without some kind of more personal and private regeneration, and doubt that such regeneration can be effected by social engineering, by methods so relatively external as those of a revolutionary state.

But this "religious" objection to the Revolution is one that might come with equal inevitability out of our secularist culture—paradoxically very religious in this respect. Any visiting American is likely to be reminded by Cuba of how "religious" in at least this way he is—and consequently to find the moralism of the Revolution alien and disquieting. We believe on the whole in private conversions—and in very little else. Which may be one reason among many that our Left has been so tepid, so compromising and so "reasonable" on the one hand, and so irresponsible, anarchic, and harmlessly insane on the other.[1] For what is "new" about much of the New Left is just this "religious" conviction (so contrary to the discipline of the Party)—a belief in the primacy of the individual, interior experience—in people defiantly "doing

[1] I realize of course there are important and hopeful exceptions to any such characterization of the current Left. I realize too that without some of the impulses I'm criticizing here, there might be no active Left at all. Without an American tradition and style of anti-authoritarianism, for example, there might not be such wide and overt opposition to the War. Without the cultural emphasis on individualism, there might not even be (perhaps—at this level of courage it's hard to know) such numbers of young men choosing to risk or endure prison rather than take part in a criminal war. I am very simply in the debt of such men—and so I believe is every American who is *out* of prison and enjoying his "guaranteed freedoms" as usual. Nothing I say here in criticism of the Left is meant to apply to these men or to the movements that support them. On the contrary, their case fits my argument here, I think: since the draft resistance in this country seems to me marked by many of the same virtues of unillusioned self-discipline as the Cuban Revolution.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their thing." The political movements we can take most seriously are those which are undertaken by people who begin by re-making themselves, by re-shaping their lives and personalities in some radical "religious" way—thus offering to re-shape ours, to somehow redeem our pointlessness. And whereas the mystic or religious ascetic remade himself by method of privation, restriction, and dis-

cipline, the new religionists pursue the same goal by opposite methods, exploring, testing, and re-forging themselves by a kind of fearless self-indulgence. A course we can believe in at least—just as we can still believe (to a degree) in psychoanalysis, artistic creation, even religious conversion—approaches to, or assaults on, the private personality.

But on the whole we do not believe that people can be *really* changed by social arrangements (unless we're talking about Negroes), by any kind of external moralism, by any kind of authority. The Cubans, however, believe and act otherwise. And the important thing for us is that they *may* be right.

For there is a complication, a paradox at the heart of the Cuban experiment that liberal American apologists don't much like, for obvious reasons, to talk about. And it is in this area of authoritarianism. While in one sense the Cubans, as I've tried to describe, stake almost everything on the awakened conscience of the individual, in another sense they do quite the opposite. The individual Cuban—if not bullied and coerced as in other Communist states—is regulated, restricted, pressured, and even harangued to degrees that an American libertarian would no doubt find unendurable. In short they are very far (much farther than Americans are) from trusting the individual conscience to awaken itself—or from relying on private approaches to this awakening. Hence the importance of authority in Cuba, resting as it does on the assumption that a people must be educated and disciplined to create a humane society—that genuine democracy, with real equality and justice, comes only with and by a living relationship to an authority that promotes and encourages their best selves and impulses, instead of their whims, biases, fears and hatreds. And this *is* undemocratic as we understand the word—it is important I think to be clear about that.

Because we are so hypnotized by simplistic all-or-nothing notions of liberty that we can hardly think about the implications for ourselves of a society like Cuba, or about the alternatives to our attitudes on freedom that it suggests. And *our* best selves and impulses are not encouraged by many of the ideals of freedom we take from our culture. Ideals that shade easily into selfishness and irresponsibility. Or into a radicalism of the spoiled, the bored, and the self-obsessed, not only as grotesquely irrelevant as it could be to the major injustices and inequities of the American system—let alone to the extreme daily suffering of half the human race—but precisely calculated to make enemies of the very people who have the most to gain by being persuaded to radical attitudes: not only those caught in the ghettos, or in the swamps of Vietnam, but all those who are victimized by the unlivable cities, the inhuman conditions of work, the squalor, violence and callousness of American life in general.

For above all Cuba makes clear by contrast how extraordinarily self-indulgent American radicalism is, has been, and threatens to go on being. Particularly in its persisting confusion between self-realization of various sorts and radical social action. For one large example, the kind of thing on the Left that is sometimes described as "searching for alternate life-styles." A category that has been made to include at times such gestures as smoking pot, exchanging declarations of love in public, starting rock bands, defending and promoting pornography, frightening and bullying deans and teachers whose strongest wish is to be liked and thought "with it," and so on.

Whatever may be said for or against these activities, they are *not* blows against imperialism, against the socio-economic system, nor even against the status quo, which partly exists to absorb and exploit them, if only to divert the boredom of the rest of us—to thicken the climate of poisonous silliness that's become as natural to us now as our lethal air. In short—as Cuba makes clear—defiant self-expression is *not* a revolutionary act. It is not even necessarily a good thing in itself—let alone a socially beneficial one.

Anyway these are the thoughts about my own country that Cuba prompted. In many ways of course the Revolution there is quite irrelevant to us. Our problems are worse, I suppose, at least in the sense of being more complicated, involved in the modern world itself rather than in an attempt to catch up with it. And even Cuba itself is still a question. There are clearly any number of ways in which it could yet fail or go bad. The people I talked to there, although conscious of problems, were more than hopeful. But they have a vested interest in being so. Just as I had an interest, for different reasons, in believing them. For, as I've indicated, Cuba has a weight and importance for many people outside it that goes quite beyond any question of its relevance or its usefulness as an example. The Revolution is an experiment as moving in what it offers as the extraordinary people who are carrying it out. And if it failed tomorrow, even *this* country would look different—and very much worse.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MALOFF/WRITERS & WRITING

COMSTOCK'S COMPLAINT

On the famous occasion when George Bernard Shaw, again venting his wrath, created a new word for the language, and by so doing immortalized a man's name in the history of infamy (and low comedy), the donor, for a rare change, was not guilty as charged; but by then the distinction was too fine to matter. Acting out of its own wisdom, the New York Public Library in 1905 placed "Man and Superman" on restricted circulation—restricted to adults, though not for the usual reasons. The elders thought Shaw's social criticism might put wicked ideas into the heads of working-class boys. "Supposing that play fell into the hands of a little east sider. . .," asked the head of the circulation department. "Do you think that would tend to lessen the statistics of juvenile crime?" "Comstockery," Shaw said, when he heard of it. No one could have mistaken the master's touch, which had become so prevalent; his actual presence was unnecessary.

Anthony Comstock had been in business as America's moral scourge for thirty-some years by that time, the inspiration and chief executioner of the Comstock Laws, which the Congress in 1872 enacted as predictably as Presidents reappoint J. Edgar Hoover—laws against "smut-peddling" being regarded by legislators and other responsible citizens as self-evidently good in themselves. In 1905 Comstock still had a decade to go before he slept. His last official acts in behalf of the cause, before his death in 1915, were to represent the United States at the Ninth International Purity Congress; to secure the conviction of Margaret Sanger's husband for distributing her book *Family Limitation*; and to arrest a seventeen-year-old boy for "mailing obscene writing." One imagines he died smiling, though still vigilant.

Until superego is put to rout in some regained paradise, Comstockery will always be with us; what recalls that representative ancestor to mind now is the re-issue by Harvard University Press, in a splendid edition by the historian Robert Brenner, of Comstock's chef d'oeuvre, *Traps for the Young* (1883). That title!—Shaw himself couldn't have devised stronger rope to hang him by.

Knowing the man's career as the nation's sanitary engineer, hygienist of souls and psyches, hounddog and hunter of ids; knowing of his celebrity as the latency period's last defender and of his long, riotous history as special agent of the Post Office Department in sole charge of keeping the mails uncontaminated by the least breath of brimstone and of his athletic prosecution of office in the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice—to have his forgotten black book brought back from the dead seems an irresistible chance to get back at him even this late in the day.

I confess to that base motive for picking up the book in the first place; now all that is changed. Of course the book is, as you might have expected, both overpoweringly tedious and (unwittingly) hilarious; but it is also, if you can steer a narrow course between the two, fascinating: it affords, against its will, an authentically illuminating glimpse into the paranoid depths of know-nothing nativist America—into what may be called the Orange County Complex, or the Greater Los Angeles Syndrome—though Orange County and Los Angeles, as we know, may be anywhere, including Staten Island.

At the heart of *Traps for the Young* lies a real terror, a perpetual nightmare from which there is no awakening. Obscenity is everywhere; filth is universal; there is virtually no way of escaping childhood with virtue—original innocence—intact. This is not the mere legalism of British anti-obscenity law—the statutory "deprave and corrupt." Comstock is convinced absolutely not only that "obscenity," again in the evasive, not to say slippery language of legislation, *tends* to deprave and corrupt, but that it literally does, at once and forever, deprave and corrupt, immediately upon exposure and into an eternity of damnation.

In this vision of Armageddon (just that), there is nothing between the souls of the young and the forces of darkness save the lonely, heroic figure of the Post Office Department's special agent. I do not say "lonely" and "heroic" in a mocking way: that is how Comstock sees himself, a savior alone and embattled in a world dense with demons plotting to ensnare their most vulnerable prey—children. "Battle" is no metaphor. Repeatedly, with pride and pleasure, Comstock relates incidents of physical assaults upon him; and of his single-handed physical conquest of the enemy. He was no armchair warrior; as often as he could, he went out and got his man—or woman, or child. He was responsible for more than 3,600 arrests in his long, gymnastic career; and given the time, he would have put the country behind bars. So long as one man remained free, no one was safe.

The list of "traps" is endless, for of such is the world constructed. "Household Traps," "Half-Dime Novels and Story Papers," "Advertisement Traps," "Gambling Traps," "Infidel Traps, Liberal Traps, etc.," "More Liberal Traps"—these are the chapter headings; but though the spectrum is a wide one, and the warnings are dire because the penalties are mortal, Comstock is less excited about the demon rum and the lures of the lottery than he is by the ultimate dangers of print and graphics—the proliferating penny papers and pulp magazines of the period clamoring for the coins of bug-eyed, dry-mouthed, hot-handed innocents. In popular literature, whisky is ruinous in familiar ways; and the lottery was the workingman's Monte Carlo; but graphics mean flesh, and tales are tales of fleshpots.

There is no mistaking Comstock's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tone: the terror he conveys is his own; a terror of the terrible consequence of sexual fantasy and "self-abuse" (in the language of only yesterday). In Comstock's world, there are no complexities: effect follow cause upon the instant. "Foul thoughts," he writes, "are the precursors of foul actions." The mind is a cesspool of foul thoughts needing only the meagerest visual stimulus to activate them; and, once galvanized, diabolically vile actions follow directly.

The metaphors—and Comstock's language is highly figurative—are an apocalyptic bestiary, a devil's apothecary: poisons, venom, strychnine, prussic acid; bats, vultures, carrion, wild beasts, deadly serpents—the wages and emblems of sin. Sin has a unitary, invarying meaning: Sex; and there is no way of speaking about it except in sepuchral tones of gothic terror—a fate, literally, worse than death. In Comstock's bleak, joyless, loveless world, where to touch is to die, there is no such thing as desire, or pleasure.

There is only LUST, in boldface capitals; and LUST breeds Crime. Do not ask why this is so, it is so because it is axiomatic, and only the perversely blind do not see it.

In fact, LUST, enflamed by picture and text, subvert "law and order"; indeed the polity itself is threatened as "patriotism," which is the natural condition of the lustless, is supplanted by "self-gratification." Moreover, lustfulness is a "foreign" attribute, as one can readily see in observing those "dens of iniquity" and "marts of vice," those "lust-cured nations" France and Italy, or in the "debility," "imbecility" and "effeminacy" of the once-mighty empire of the Ottoman Turks. Beholding all such squalor, Satan and his imps congratulate themselves.

Just as culpable is the degenerate upper-class, with its tolerance and scoffing; they, too, are among the "horde of lusters." Great art and literature, of course, are even more sinister than pulp trash, for they "gild" more prettily the foulest obscenities. The scene of this cosmic debauchery, defilement, licentiousness, lasciviousness—it goes without saying, is the City.

The main pillars of vice and lust, free-love and immorality, are the "infidels" and "liberals," led by the unspeakable Robert Ingersoll, the "apostle" of evil, the devil disguised as a man; and all frequenters of "low theatres," "bawdy playhouses," and other "recruiting stations of hell." Against them stands Anthony Comstock imploring them to remember what they have hopelessly forgotten and, sunk in sin, can no longer heed—that there is somewhere a better world grounded in the "ideals" of "business prosperity, home, and wealth"; reminding scoffers, infidels and liberals of "the sweet poet's admonition: 'Life is earnest, life is real.' "

None of the foregoing is a spoof; if anything, it mutes the hysteria—one is tempted to say psychopathy—of Comstock's book, and it conveys very little of its sheer stupifying boredom. Yet the classic argument has been brought full circle, and the syndrome fulfilled: obscenity corrupts innocence; pornography befouls virtue; foul thoughts, incited by word and picture, lead to foul actions, from sexual crimes to crimes against law and order, subverting morality, religion, the family, the "Protestant ethic," the social order itself; and the offenses are all the more vicious where the art and literature are "classic," for the "allurements" of high art are the more subtle and insidious. Art, as Comstock sensed (and Stalin knew), *is* "dangerous."

If somehow, by some miraculous intervention on the part of the Comstocks, by that eternal vigilance which is the price of purity, the "young" can be protected against words and pictures—any word and any picture that possesses the terrible, numinous power to instigate a foul thought, thus setting in motion the whole anarchic process by which empires are brought low and souls carried off to the "shores of the internal regions"—if we can succeed in that, there may yet be some small chance of salvation. Stated so, with deliberate exaggeration, Comstockery is parodied; yet in somewhat more sophisticated form—Comstock, remember, wrote in 1882 and we have learned something since then—those are the (unstated) arguments of prosecutors and censors still, the understood and agreed-upon assumptions; and, *mutatis mutandis*, they are as close to passionately-espoused ideology as Orange County comes.

SAUL MALOFF

Use Christmas Seals. It's a matter of life and breath.

Fight emphysema, tuberculosis, and air pollution.

Classified

• RATES: 50¢ a word, 12 words minimum. Centered lines: $3.00 a line. Discounts: 5%, 3 times; 10%, 7 times; 15%, 13 times. Payable with order.

Director Wanted

• EXCEDRIN HEADACHE NO. 42! Big job—small salary! Big idea man wanted with small needs to direct small human relations agency with big hopes! Write: FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, 4233 S. Indiana, Chicago, Ill. 60653.

Organist-Teacher

• PARISH ORGANIST-music teacher desired for June 1, 1970. Good salary. Latitude in music program. Write: P.O. Box 20508, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73120.

Books

• PAPERBACK CATALOGUE, 15,000 titles, $1. Free listings publishers' overstocks, hardbounds, LP's, savings to 84%. NEW YORK BOOK, 4Q W. 43rd St., NYC. 10036.

CHRISTIAN JET FLIGHTS, 1970
$275 round trip
N.Y., CLEVELAND, TORONTO & CHICAGO to LONDON, AMSTERDAM, FRANKFURT
Departures: June & July with 4 to 5 weeks abroad
Airline Transportation Chairman
209 Greeves St. Kane, Pa. 16735

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

A scholar's inquiry into America's urbanism

American Architecture and Urbanism

VINCENT SCULLY

Frederick A. Praeger, $18.50

STEVEN R. WEISMAN

Passionate, lyrical, scornful—this is a book about architecture, but it is also profoundly about America. "There is surely a *daimon* that dwells in places," the author writes, "not least, as D. H. Lawrence claimed long ago, on this grand and ruined continent, disquieting to inhabit, small enough to spoil, too large to own. It moves through its people like a vengeful ghost, giving them their dreams of space and journeys, of Europe on one side, war drums on the other, calling them on."

The book's simple premise—that within our architecture is buried the meaning of our culture—bursts to life at the hands of one of today's most gifted critics and art historians, Vincent Scully, Colonel John Trumbull professor of art history at Yale. Starting with the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest—who believed their ancestors emerged from the depths of the canyons, and who settled themselves within the earth, digging their early dwellings out of rock—Scully lovingly traces the whole range of American architecture and the people who built it.

He finds, for example, technological explanations for the strong, obvious shapes, the plain surfaces and rigid order of early homes and churches in New England. But more important is the synthesis of Puritan sensibilities in these forms, in the stern and tough interiors and in the city's plans and its streets—the tight cubes of the plan for central New Haven, the wide New England roadways with elm trees arching over them, defining a bowery, there being no accident to the sacred names of New Haven—Church Street, Temple, Chapel Crown.

In its classicism, Thomas Jefferson's Monticello embodies, for Scully, America's recurrent evocation of European heritage—but twinned, in its rolling horizontality, with the homage to the frontier and the "agrarian ideal." Inside, as if to sum it up, were Jefferson's gadgets, and his busts of Voltaire, and of John Paul Jones.

Later in the 19th century, there is the "mythic stage" of American architecture, symbolized best by the heroic thrust of the Brooklyn Bridge, and the continuous expanding spaces in the warm buildings of Henry Hobson Richardson. There is the "romantic quest" of Frank Lloyd Wright's Unity Temple, where "one saw the interior from the exterior but had to enter from the side to discover the top-lighted space at last," or in the circuitously sought entrance to his Robie House, whose "dark wings lift on concealed steel along the street—prairie symbolically only."

As for today, Scully finds our most pervasive symbol in the highway, "only partly under control and wild with danger," where one races past the city's towers, "lighted in rising tiers . . . high above the little houses, released from confinement as through one reckless act of destruction and escape."

Though some will find Scully's feverish comparisons a bit facile or overgeneralized, in fact his book is a densely written scholar's inquiry into the nature of America's man-made environment—in short, "urbanism." The book is packed with 525 photographs, paintings and plans, but for the cover—appropriately—Scully chooses a bleak picture of the prairie town of Faith, South Dakota, ca. 1915, whose square wooden false fronts mask the irregularity of the buildings' gables and follow uniformly along the street "for urban scale, for a shape in the vastness."

Scully seems to find this country's architecture torn between a love and a hate for the city. On the one hand, there is the long heritage of buildings that respect and define the street—Sullivan's Guaranty Building for example, or New York's "bold, warm" brownstones, and, even in its giant scale, Rockefeller Center. On the other hand, there is the heritage of physical "dispersion," extending from Jefferson, reaching through Wright and the "Garden City," and influenced from abroad by LeCorbusier, though today disastrously misunderstood in the intentional suburbanization of the inner-city by the steam roller of urban renewal.

Mirroring this contradiction is the author's own love-hate of the Beaux Arts school of Europe—(fueled by the deceptions of his own earlier training), which he sees as a crucial influence at three significant points in American architectural history—first in colonial times with the so-called "Greek revival"; second, in the late nineteenth century, leaving a legacy of heroically scaled public buildings and gracefully radical city plans; and third, in the frequently empty monumentality of the 1950's International Style.

It is this third phase that infuriates Scully, not because of its roots in the Bauhaus, or in Mies van der Rohe's "limpid volumes of air" rising majestically upward, but because it has been reduced to a "prissy gentility" by merchants and fools who have, in turn, become high from the exhaust fumes of the automobiles for which they've carved out routes, casting the poor aside and razing the buildings of the past. Thus, in its "aggressively pretentious" thrust, much of today's architecture hates the past, and the city.

As a critic, Scully says in his bibliography that his career has taken him from a "religio-philosophical" to a "sociofunctional" phase. Yet the success of this book is the author's natural reconciliation of the two, so that he sees and loves the city, with its social dimensions, as a total work of art, as a meaningful "creation of interior and exterior spaces, and most of all, a continuing dialogue between the generations which creates an environment developing across time."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And thus today's architects who most respect and accommodate the past are personal friends to whom Scully looks for an answer—Louis I. Kahn, who celebrates light, and Robert Venturi, who celebrates irony.

This book must not be read in a hurry. It is filled with a love and devotion that is not unerring, anything but definitive, but ceaselessly illuminating, because it goes beyond what architecture criticism is supposed to do. Only Scully, among today's critics, would—in a brief discussion of the "theatrical" nature of Beaux Arts surroundings—deftly hint at the metaphysical nature of the human act. Only Scully would mourn the destruction of the generous space of Pennsylvania Station: "Through it one entered the city like a god. One scuttles in now like a rat."

And since the meaning of the city *is* the past, it is fitting that this author's mission is history—so that while this lavish book will do well for coffee tables at Christmas time, it is really for people who want to read history. Scully's approach is, as he suggests, intuitive and emotional as well as intellectual. But what fires this book is that it goes beyond the author's knowledge and experience to an exploding imagination, where—as he states in another context—lies "some absolute connection with the existential loneliness of perception and choice, and the sudden stumble of action, when a new thing is born."

Revelation Theology

AVERY DULLES

Herder and Herder, $5.95

JOSEPH BLENKINSOPP

The idea of presenting a brief history of reflection within the Christian churches on revelation was certainly praiseworthy and one may agree that Father Dulles has done a good job of summarizing such a vast area of Christian thought and speculation. Maybe Dulles took the idea and methodology of such a summary from John Macquarrie's *Twentieth Century Religious Thought* which is a model of how this kind of work ought to be done. It is at least clear that he has made extensive use of Macquarrie in his later chapters, sometimes even using the same quotes. But comparison with Macquarrie's masterly synthesis also brings out the many weaknesses of the present work.

Since reflection on revelation has been carried out on the basis of the biblical material it must seem odd, for one thing, to make the Old and New Testaments the first chapter of such a historical survey. Biblical scholars will be surprised to hear, for example, that the Deuteronomic literature comes from the eighth century, that eschatological messianism has its climax in Deutero-Isaiah and Jeremiah, that Jesus was supremely docile to the entire tradition of Israel. Then, after a summary of eighteen centuries in one chapter, we come to Schleiermacher and the nineteenth century. From this point on the need for brevity becomes frequently vexatious. Some omissions, like that of Dilthey who looms large in the new hermeneutic, are glaring. Others are more subjective. I would have thought, for example, that Ian Ramsey, who just makes it into the index, deserved at least a thumb-nail sketch. Kierkegaard's contribution is summarized and evaluated in less than four hundred words. If this is to be more than a rapid reference guide for the theological name-dropper, the reader will have to pass on to works like Macquarrie's for a more penetrating evaluation and thorough grasp of the continuities in the debate.

Near the beginning Dulles tells us that in writing this book he sought to reflect the attitude of Paul VI expressed as follows in a speech of 1963: "We look with reverence upon the true religious patrimony . . . which has been preserved and in part even well developed among our separated brethren." The "separated brethren" will no doubt have some wry comments to make on the papal use of the adverb, but perhaps this doesn't matter too much since the work seems to be addressed primarily to Roman Catholic readers and Roman Catholic seminarians in particular; witness terms like "subsistent revelation," "the agent intellect," "the preambles of faith" and reference to "the Church in North America" (meaning the Roman Catholic Church).

Beginning in the nineteenth century we observe with bated breath a succession of Catholic thinkers walking the thin white line between reason and faith and being cut down as soon as they stumbled. As from Vatican II, however, we have a new concept of revelation and can look forward in years to come to a "continuing convergence between the Catholic and Protestant theologies of revelation." All well and good, but it would be possible to propose an alternative thesis: that progress in Catholic thinking over the last few years has been correlative with the adoption of insights developed elsewhere and frequently proscribed within Roman Catholicism. And to dispel any too facile optimism about the possibility of convergence it would be well to recall the case of Daniélou who, during his exile from power and favor, "kept

FORMER CLERGY AND RELIGIOUS

Our agency now has available qualified placement personnel to aid you in your transition to secular life. A wide variety of career positions await you in business, science, education, personnel, including corporate personnel counseling.

All fees paid by company

SPECIALIST

180 B'way, NYC 10038
(212) 349-2606 (agency)

COMMONWEAL PAPERS 4

For college and seminary classes and non-academic discussion groups, special rates on the October 31 issue, the Church in the Year 2000:

1 to 9 copies 75¢ each
10 to 49 copies 60¢ each
50 copies or more 50¢ each

Postpaid; orders of 10 or more copies to institutions may be billed; other orders should be accompanied by payment.

Address: Circulation Dept., Commonweal, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commonweal for Christmas

One of the best reasons for sending a gift subscription of Commonweal to friends and relatives this Christmas is the abundance of enjoyable reading such a gift will bring all through 1970. The magazine's increasingly timely coverage will keep them well-informed; preeminently, its insights on political, social and religious issues will prove to be invaluable.

The Church and the World

Commonweal continually manifests its conviction that religion still matters, that Christianity has much to say to the modern world—and that the church to be true to its calling must concern itself intently with the well-being of the modern world. As current examples of this orientation consider our November 14 issue on Belief in the Modern World and this present issue on Fidel Castro's Cuba.

Literature and the Arts

Another reason that Commonweal Christmas gifts are so welcome is the magazine's focus on cultural matters, its stimulating comment on plays, movies, the arts and current books—comment that so often points the way to further enjoyment. This is due to the good judgment and persuasive writing of such typical authors and reviewers as Gerald Weales, Alice Mayhew, John L. McKenzie, Frank Getlein, Wilfrid Sheed, Saul Maloff, Sally Cunneen, Anselm Atkins, Martin Tucker, Leonard Kriegel, Bruce Vawter, Wilson C. McWilliams, James Critchlow and Arthur Gibson. This phase of Commonweal makes it an unusually thoughtful gift.

Special Christmas Rates: 1 Subscription, $12; each additional, $9

(Add $2 for postage outside U.S. and Canada)

----------CHRISTMAS ORDER FORM----------

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016 **212-MU3-2042**

Send Commonweal for one year to:

Name _____
Street _____
City, State, Zip _____
New ☐ **Renewal** ☐

Name _____
Street _____
City, State, Zip _____
New ☐ **Renewal** ☐

Name _____
Street _____
City, State, Zip _____
New ☐ **Renewal** ☐

MY NAME IS _____
Street _____
City, State, Zip _____

Mail Gift Cards: ☐ **to me** ☐ **for me** ☐ **Check enclosed** ☐ **Bill me after Jan. 1**

12/19/69

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in contact with modern movements even external to the Catholic Church" (that adverb again!) and is now a prominent spokesman for the curialists.

Provided that the reader, whether seminarian or not, is conscious of the built-in limitations of this kind of survey and is prepared to go to the bibliography provided by the author, it may nevertheless serve as a very useful introduction to a subject of central importance to the theological enterprise.

Camden's Eyes

AUSTIN WRIGHT

Doubleday, $5.95

JONATHAN BAUMBACH

I admire the ambition of Austin Wright's novel so much, I wish I liked the book more. *Camden's Eyes,* as the title suggests, is about ways of seeing (and not seeing), the form mirroring with perhaps excessive metaphoric precision the thematic concern of the story. William Camden's loveless (love-hate) marriage unfolds in a succession of simulated cinematic takes, each event (particularly in the first half of the book) shown us from various angles of possibility. At first it seems like a stylistic quirk—the shifting from first to third person, a uniqueness for the sake of being different—but increasingly one becomes aware that the technique *is* the book, the narrative merely its occasion. No question—Wright's surgically cool first novel is an impressive performance.

And so, all things are on the side of *Camden's Eyes*—complexity of vision, intelligence, nosegays of wit, technically inventive narrative, insight into character, adultery, voyeurism, the new novel, the old novel, what you will. Yet somewhere before the end the experience fades in the mind, the import of events ceases to matter. How explain it?

To begin—for the moment let's set its virtues aside—the novel is too conscious, knows too much about itself. Wright extends awareness of the complications of his characters' behavior into non-mystery. Wright's consciousness distances us, makes his characters inaccessible for all our (his) knowledge of them. A small paradox: we know so much about William Camden and his wife, Julie, we are denied entrance into their lives. Though Camden—so the dust jacket tells us—is telling the story of his marriage (estrangement and reconciliation), putting together the fragments to make sense of things (myself, I think Wright is telling the story), we never really get inside him. Perhaps because Camden is numb to himself, he is also numb to us.

Plot: not much to talk about. William Camden's wife cuckolds him with his former college roommate and best friend—Camden (historian and voyeur) invisible third party in their bed. And Camden himself drifts into an affair with Stella Gerber, friend of his wife and former mistress of his wife's lover. So many ghosts (homosexual and incestuous)—an army of shadows in the various sexual conjunctions. An agony of a joke.

The crisis, such as it is, occurs when Camden's wife becomes pregnant with her lover's child. Out of a combination of numbness (his anger kept secret from himself) and a sense of role, Camden agrees to accept paternity. It is not the plot but the obsession (as envisioned in the novel's form)—the how rather than the what—that concerns the reader. The novel achieves resolution not so much in Camden's reconciliation with his wife as in the coming together of the fragments of Camden's knowledge into something approaching coherence. Camden comes at the end to enough insight to satisfy the historian in him, though he remains a man locked up in his head, cut off from the deeper recesses of his feelings.

Whatever my objections, *Camden's Eyes* is worth the serious reader's attention. For a good half of the time—my bias is that cutting would have helped—the novel sustains itself (and us). Wright's intelligence shines through the naive perplexity of Camden's vision. The child in William Camden, prematurely middle-aged thirtyish history professor—the one that survives in us all—is touchingly rendered:

"He could never believe that his father and mother had ever done such a thing, who had never even kissed each other on the lips to his knowledge, therefore he could not believe anybody. . . . he did not trust his own perceptions, and things that might have been memories, things he might have done with certain girls and his wife—he could not believe they were memories but only like so many others. . . ."

Unable to believe that the sexual act is as his father described, Camden (now a father himself), estranged from his wife's bed peers into parked cars in search of evidence. "He needed to observe some other couple, uninvited by him, unprejudiced, of their own spontaneity, demonstrate the truth he sought in some sufficiently tangible way." But the evidence, like all abstract proofs, is transient to his experience. When it is not before his eyes it never was.

Much of *Camden's Eyes* is fresh and wise. It runs down for me, burdened by the demands of its scheme—the knowingness of the author finally overriding our interest in his characters. When the mystery dies, the characters, fleetingly alive, turn back again into words, into nothing. Dispassion is a fragile mode. Too cool this intelligent novel for its own good.

REVIEWERS

STEVEN R. WEISMAN works for the *New York Times.*

JOSEPH BLENKINSOPP is the author of *Celibacy, Ministry, Church (Herder and Herder).*

JONATHAN BAUMBACH'S most recent novel is *What Comes Next.*

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 347)

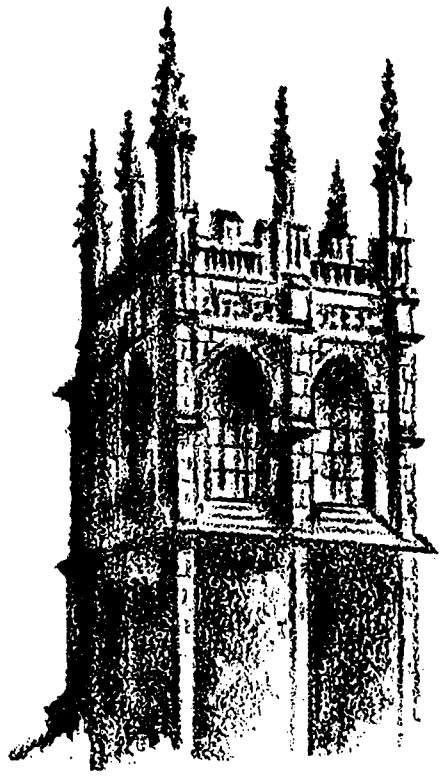
many authors on this subject, of being a Catholic still despite everything, and have empathized with them; but never so completely before. For my money, this is a perfect treatment of the subject, in every respect. LEWIS MORRIS

Wheaton, Ill.

To the Editors: Of *Commonweal* for Nov. 14, 1969, I say it is one of the three or four best issues in ten years. A most apt anniversary. J. O. DILLON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new and forthcoming books from FORDHAM



The university press, like the modern university, reaches out to a larger world than its students, to the world of its scholarly peers, to men and women everywhere, who read, who think, and who treasure the things of the mind.

THE SOCIOLOGY OF RELIGION: A STUDY OF CHRISTENDOM—Volume IV, Types of Religious Man
by Werner Stark
Continuing his microsociology, the author examines the *inner* life of religious communities, specifically the roles which in their interplay constitute these communities and carry that life. Stark's earlier volumes are described as ". . . a master work."—*Amer. Soc. Rev.*
Spring $8.00

THE HERITAGE OF NEW YORK
The New York Community Trust
Halftone pictures of buildings of notable historical and architectural significance in New York City and of the bronze commemorative plaques erected by the New York Community Trust. Introducing each section are maps of the boroughs. In addition, a pocket guide composed of locations maps will be found inside the back cover. 360 illustrations.
Spring $15.00

THE STILL POINT: Reflections on Zen and Christian Mysticism
by William Johnston, S. J.
In a unique contribution to the necessary continuation of a Zen-Christian dialogue, the author explores the ground common to both—religious experience and the concept of values, discusses the inevitable theological and philosophical problem engendered, and studies the impact of Zen on the future of Christianity.
Spring $6.00 (t)

PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTING FOR MINISTERIAL SELECTION
ed. by W. C. Bier, S. J.
The Proceedings of the Seventh Symposium of the Academy of Religion and Mental Health, this work is concerned with the contribution which psychological evaluation can make to the selection and, when combined with follow-up counseling, to the mental health of candidates for the ministry. Spring $6.00 (t)

FAITH AND REFORM: A Reinterpretation of *Aggiornamento*
ed. by Jonathan Robinson
The studies presented here emphasize certain aspects of the faith which seem to be overlooked in popular writing about the Church, and particularly about Vatican II: the historical aspects of Catholicism; the interpretation of the New Testament today; and the relevance for these times of the traditional Christian values and positions. 1969 $6.00

THE MONASTIC GRANGE IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND: A Reassessment
by Colin Platt
Making use of historical, archaeological, economic, and architectural evidence, the author re-examines the circumstances of the medieval grange with particular reference to the assembly of estates, the agricultural and land policies pursued, and the supply of building equipment and labor to run them.
Illustrated 1969 $10.00

CRISIS IN THE "GREAT REPUBLIC": Essays Presented to Ross J. S. Hoffman
ed. by Gaetano L. Vincitorio
A testimonial to his lifetime dedication to scholarship, this *Festschrift* honors Ross J. S. Hoffman. The essays deal with British and European crises which vexed the "great republic," the common political and international community of Europe and the mother of all Western nations during the past two hundred years.
1969 $9.00

FREEDOM OF CHOICE
by Yves Simon, ed. by Peter Wolff
This book, says Mortimer Adler in its Foreword, "is the perfect antidote for the errors, misunderstandings—or worse, the ignorances—that beset the modern discussion of free choice . . . (the reader) cannot fail to appreciate its remarkable clarity, . . . and, above all, the intelligibility, reasonableness, and fairness of its exposition . . ." 1969 $5.50

LUTHER, ERASMUS AND THE REFORMATION: A Catholic-Protestant Reappraisal
ed. by John C. Olin
Stemming from the joint conference sponsored by Union Theological Seminary and Fordham University, the essays presented are ". . . readable yet scholarly history (and) among the finest fruits of ecumenical collaboration."—*America*. Includes a bibliographical appendix which is indispensable for the Reformation student. 1969 $6.00

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY PRESS
BRONX, NEW YORK 10458

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED